

The Historie

Prince. Well, here is my leg.
 Fal. And here is my speech; stand aside, Nobilitie.
 Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, I faith.
 Fal. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.
 Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?
 Fal. For Gods sake, Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,
 For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.
 Ho. O Iesu, he doth it, as like one of these harlotrie plaiers,
 as euer I see.
 Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.
 Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou spendest thy
 time; but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cam-
 momill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth,
 the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son,
 I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but
 chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of
 thy headlier lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to
 me, here lies the point: why, beeing sonne to mee, art thou so
 pointed at? shall the blessed, sonne of heauen, prooue a mitcher,
 and eat blacke-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son
 of England, proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to be
 askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of,
 and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This
 pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: so doth the co-
 panie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in
 drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure, but in passiō; not in words
 onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom
 I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.
 Prin. What maner of man, and it like your Maiestie?
 Fal. A goodly portly man I faith, and a corpulent, of a cheere-
 full looke, a pleasing eye, & a most noble carriage, & as I think,
 his age some fiftie, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
 I remember mee, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should bee
 lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I see vertue in his
 lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the
 fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in
 that Falstaffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: & tel me now,
 thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin, this month?
 Prin.

19. vnrre

of Henry the fourth.

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for me, and
 ile play my father.
 Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestical-
 ly both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rab-
 bet sucker, or a poulters Hare.
 Prin. Well, here I am set.
 Fal. And here I stand, iudge, my masters.
 Prin. Now, Harry, whence come you?
 Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.
 Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.
 Fal. Zblood, my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tickle ye for a
 yong prince I faith.
 Prin. Swarest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke
 on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a de-
 uill haunts thee, in the likeness of an olde fat man, a tun of man
 is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of
 humours, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell
 of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cloake bag of
 guts, that rosted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his bel-
 ly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that
 vanitie in yeeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste sacke & drinke
 it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? where-
 in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? where-
 in villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?
 Fal. I would your grace would take mee with you, whome
 meanes your grace?
 Prince. That villanous abominable milleader of youth: Fal-
 stalffe, that olde white bearded Sathan.
 Fal. My Lord, the man I know.
 Prin. I know, thou dost.
 Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my self,
 were to say more then I know: that he is old, the more the pit-
 tie, his white haire doe witnesse it, but that he is sauing your re-
 uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar
 be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and mery be a sin,
 the many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be
 hated, the Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord,
 banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Poinces, but for sweet Iacke
 Falstaffe,
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